

Right Where We Are

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Summary: Its the beginning of a new school year at Berk, Hiccup a genius, 15yo High school student is doing his best to survive and not bring any extra unwanted attention to himself. However, a fated meeting with a new student Jack Frost would turn Hiccup's life upside down... Hiccup is about to be joined by 3 others that'll make this school year the one he'll never ever forget.

## 1. I

I

Frost

The morning had dawned clear and cold, with a crispness that hinted the end of summer. A fresh blanket of crisp, pure, white, snow lay across the town of Berk. For Hiccup it was like any other typical Monday except it was the first day back at school. The D.T. Academy prided itself on being an 'Ä@lite' school, but Hiccup begged to differ. He saw nothing particularly Ä@lite about the inept teachers, the intolerable and boorish students. Hiccup loathed going back to the D.T. Academy and it was clearly showing as he couldn't seem to sit still. His legs were bouncing and his fingers fiddled with the hem of his dark brown vest. He was sitting in the back of one of his father's town car; being driven to school by his father's chauffeur Mr Stark, his little brother Toothless sat to his left and was struggling to finish some homework he had forgotten to do over the summer break.

Hiccup looked out of the window with dim eyes, head leaned against the glass. Sunlight caught in his brown hair, teasing out crimson tints in the messy mop. Hiccup glanced at his younger brother, well, his adopted younger brother who was still scribbling away on his notebook. Timothy Haddock obviously looked nothing like his older brother, his skin was darker and his hair dark ebony, but they were

closer than anyone could ever imagine.

"We're almost there" Hiccup muttered, high enough so his brother could hear. The twelve-year-old glanced up, "Aw men, I'm not ready yet!" He groaned, fell back into his seat and continued writing. Hiccup smiled, "Next time why don't you, I don't know, try doing your homework during summer vacation not after." Toothless glared at him but said nothing and continued to write.

The car pulled to the curb, he saw a bunch of students still outside, school having not started yet. It took a moment for Hiccup to realize he needed to get out of the car. His eyes rolled at the thought of heading back to the school, he looked down at his brown shoulder bag picking it up as Mr Stark opened up the door.

As he and Toothless stepped out of the car, the ice winds of Berk came howling out to greet them, they thanked Mr Stark before he drove off. Right in front of the entrance was a large group of guys wearing the high school letterman jackets.

"You'd better start heading off Toothless." Hiccup whispered to his little brother, never taking his eyes off the jocks gathered in front of them. Toothless looked at his brother worriedly, he knew that his brother got bullied but would never admit it. Hiccup felt his brother's piercing green eyes on him; he looked at him and smiled. "Don't worry bud." He said, ruffling his hair. "I'll be alright." Toothless nodded and headed off, reluctantly, towards a group of his friends.

With a sigh Hiccup put his head down, adjusted the strap of his shoulder bag and began walking towards the group of jocks blocking the entrance. "Uh, excuse me, sorry, um, I guess... could I just scoot on through here... Ow! I'm so sorry, that was my-never mind," This was Hiccup's dialogue as he tried to navigate his way through the group of jocks blocking his path.

He prayed he would just be ignored this time.\_ 'Just a few more inches and I'll be home free.'\_ Hiccup thought to himself. He had almost been clear of the group, only to have his boot meet an inconveniently placed patch of ice; he tripped, and fell to the floor with a yelp. Laughter erupted behind him, \_'Oh so close,'\_ he thought bitterly. As he wobbled up to his feet, a fat foot shot out of nowhere and he fell flat on his stomach again.

"Ha-ha nice going faggot! Daydreaming about your boyfriend eh?" A call from a familiar voice reached Hiccup, followed by another burst of gleeful laughter. It was a voice he knew too well, he found in times like this, being unresponsive was the best way to get through it. Hiccup finally, successfully, staggered to his feet.

Magnus Snoutlout Jorgenson, Hiccup's cousin, came towards Hiccup like predator bearing down on a wounded animal. Magnus put his face close to Hiccup's. He stank of deodorant. He had layered it on far too thick and it stung Hiccup's nostrils and made him want to cough right into Magnus's face. Hiccup frowned as his cousin gave a teeth baring smile, "What? Did I touch a nerve? We all know what your idea of a good time is." "Well when I think of you, my head is always in the clouds '\*\*Snoutlout\*\*'." Hiccup said and gave him a sideways smirk and a wink, so much for staying unresponsive.

His cousin cringed at the sound of his middle name and flared with anger, pushing his dark hair from his face as it flushed red, his eyes narrowed into slits "You little cunt," Magnus spat, "You want to say that again, faggot?" he hissed, spraying Hiccup's face with saliva. "Which part **\*\*Snoutlout\*\***? The **\*\*Snoutlout\*\*** part or the part where I expose the fact we are dating **\*\*Snoutlout\*\***." Hiccup replied coldly.

\_'What the hell I'm I doing,'\_ he thought. \_'Have I totally lost my mind? Magnus is going to kill me.'\_ Magnus was built like a bulldog and had all the physical advantages football had gifted him, he was scared and Magnus knew it.

"Leave it, bro!" someone called after Magnus. "He ain't worth it, but it was too late. Hiccup jerked back as Magnus's fist curled around his green stripped scarf. It happened so fast. Hiccup felt himself being shoved roughly backwards into the wall of the school. He felt it slam against his back but was barely aware of the pain.

"Hey!" a bark, from a deep gruff voice, called from somewhere behind Magnus. The jock glanced up to see a very tall and very angry-looking boy dressed in all black with wild black hair. Next to him a gorgeous blonde girl who looked equally pissed, if not more. Glaring at Magnus "Back off, **\*\*Snoutlout\*\***" the tall boy growled. "Terranceâ€| Astridâ€|" He quipped. "So good to see you again, I was just walking and he bumped into me, I'm just politely telling him that he needs to get out-of-the-way."

Hiccup didn't attempt to pry Magnus's hands off him. He knew it was fruitless. Magnus's grip was too strong. "Drop him." He heard Terrance say, he felt Magnus's fingers jerk away from him like he was stung. "We were just talking," Magnus said his eyes still fixed on Hiccup. "We were just having a lively discussion." Hiccup said weakly.

The bullies cackled and then scurried off into the school. However, before Magnus walked in with the others, he whispered into Hiccup's ear "Next time you're dead and the name's Magnus not Snoutlout got it?" "Yeah," Hiccup said quietly. He kept giving dirty looks to the trio until he was officially out of sight.

"Thanks guys." Astrid let out a sigh, spun around to face Hiccup giving him a slightly concerned gaze. "You okay?" Hiccup smiled weakly "Astrid its fine." She looked at him and shook her head as he urged, "Just ignore them, its fine, really." Rolling her eyes, Astrid began walking into the school, "Just so you know, if he touches you again, I'm gonna kill him." She said with a smirk, Hiccup grinned at the thought, "Right." he said sarcastically, "Hi Terrence." "Hey." The taller teen replied, smiling warmly at the smaller freckled teen, the three of them headed into the school with Astrid leading the way. None of them noticed the limousine pulling up to the school.

Students were already drifting into their respective classes when they got in. There weren't many students at D.T. Academy, about 800 in total and grade 11 was the smallest with 90. Hiccup didn't mind the small classes however, it meant that gossip travelled around like wild-fire and to him it was a dingy hub for pubescent teenagers with attitude problems. There were only two sorts of students at the D.T. Academy. There were the Jocks. Boys and girls from very, very rich

families who had great sporting talent and then there were the cheerleaders girls and very few gymnast boys who were hyperactive and had some sporting talent. If you didn't fit into one of those two categories, you didn't belong at the D.T. Academy.

Henry Haddock III had no category. He had gained the epithet "\_Hiccup\_" because when he was five, he had the case of the hiccups for a whole month. So the nickname had stuck to him ever since. Little was known about Hiccup, just that he was intelligent to the point of being threatening; he knew how to build things that people, especially a teenager, just shouldn't know how to build. He was the shortest of the, male, eleventh grader, which made him an easy target for those who thought he made wonderful locker interior. To them he was an outcast, a freak, he was just . . . 'different' and the other students made his life a living hell for it.

Hiccup's emerald-green eyes travelled the classroom. He took his usual seat in the back corner, as the bell rang, waiting for the teacher to arrive. At the front of the room, a figure was emerging from the front door, followed by several students carrying their backpacks. The teacher was fairly tall, and rather skinny. Grey hair was kept shoulder length and an oddly long, unclean, grey moustache. His features were hard and rigid, with deep grey eyes that gave him a very expressive air.

Had he met him on the street, Hiccup was willing to admit that he would not have looked at his new teacher very closely. Unremarkable might be the best word. However there was one thing that distinguished his person.

The thing to catch his attention was the way the teacher was dressed. He was attired in clothes that looked veryâ€ well, tight. They did not flow or move; his sickly green pants were uniformly narrow through the legs, almost seeming to cling to them. The belt around his waist was ridiculously thin, like rope; you would need the fingers of a mouse to belt it properly. Except, it didn't look belted on, more like hooked through a metal ring at the front. And lastly, there was his Jacket. This greenish-brown jacket seemed quite stiff in appearance. The two sides overlapped in front. The fringe of the coat went over the hem of his pants slightly and, down the front there were small brass knobs.

Perplexed murmurs came from the student as they began to take their seats. "Good day class. I am Mr Cornelius Mildew, your new AP Biology teacher. Welcome to the eleventh grade, hope you had a good summer all. Please be seated and... SHUT UP!" he bawled, when some students continued to talk, as loudly as ever, through his introduction. They all turned to peer sheepishly at him. "Sorry, Mr Mildew-" "Yeah, well, you will be," he muttered angrily, sitting at his desk and flipping open the blue roll folder.

"Alright," Mildew tugged out a slip of paper from it and snapped the file shut. "Let's see who I'm stuck with... Heather Ack?" Hiccup sunk lower in his chair and felt his eyes drift towards the window. The usual chorus of "here's" and "yeah" began their familiar rhythm. "Henry Haddock?" Mildew's voice contained an almost audible wince. He seemed to recognize the name, but then chose to ignore it.

"Present," Hiccup replied, and sat up at the sound of his name.

"Present," mimicked a large, blonde boy with a squashed nose and a square jaw, followed by a few titters. The tiny teen dropped his eyes to his lap at the taunt. \_'Asshole.'\_ he thought, as he adjusted his glasses, while the roll call continued.

"Whoa!" a female voice said followed by a resounding chatter that cut through the silence of the classroom. "Wow," said the red haired girl, sitting in front of him, to no-one in particular. "He's gorgeous;" another girl muttered "Is he real." Hiccup glanced up to see what the commotion was all about. The figure standing in the doorway slowly walked into the class. "Oh, my," escaped Hiccup's lips at the sight of the 'new' teen now standing at the front of the class.

The male teen in front of the class was about his age, he was tall at least six foot and lean. His skin was smooth and very pale, like freshly fallen snow. His face was sculpted perfectly. He had a smile identical the sun on a hot summer day, with eyes like ice.

He wore a deep blue pullover hoodie, flecked with beautiful snowflakes all over the top, the hood and sleeves, and a pair of dark brown skinny jeans, that was a little tight on him, with leather brown straps around the bottom of the legs. He wore a light blue and white converse also imprinted with white snowflakes.

The most striking thing about him was his silvery hair, swept slightly to the side, which gleamed in the sunlight. Hiccup could swear that he'd probably been staring for a couple hours, he felt like there was a bullet in his chest, and suddenly he turned to the direction of Hiccup his blue eyes catching his green. \_'CRAP,'\_ Hiccup thought, as he immediately dropped his eyes to his lap again. \_'Did he notice me staring, No, half the class is staring he couldn't possibly single me out... right?\_' That's when he heard it, the name he could and would never forget. "Hi, I'm Jack frost..."

## 2. II

### II

#### Boy With The Green Eyes

The 747 landed in the hour after twilight when the world was still and grey, snow starting to gently fall and blurring the runway with mist. Inside the cabin, a deep voice came booming from the plane's intercom, \_"Good evening passengers this is your captain speaking, we have just landed at the Thor Odinson International airport in Berk, USA, please remain seated until the plane comes to a complete stop and thank you for choosing Emirates airlines."\_

Three kids sat close together in the back seat of the town car, two already fast asleep while one looked out of the window lost in thought, head leaning against it, his silver hair glistening in the rising moonlight. The car ride took roughly an hour and a half. The two girls had a, Jack would call it cute, tendency to fall asleep almost immediately on a car ride. Jack was "forced" to lend his shoulder as a pillow more than once to his little sister. While they slept, Jack watched the landscape change around them and began to feel that the magnetic drag of his home in Russia turn out to be less the further they drove away from the airport. Berk was exactly as he

had imagined it, but the sight of buildings, people and cars appeared an unwelcome unease.

The town car came to a halt, "This is the place, sir?" The chauffeur said to a large man who sat in the front seat. "This is place," the man replied, in a thick Russian accent, digging in his bag for the money. "Hey girls time to wake up we're here," Jack said gently as he nudged the two girls awake. The punk girl looked around blearily, the brunette's hair was disheveled and half her cheek damp with saliva, which had been transferred onto Jack's coat. "Nice, Emma," he said, plucking a tissue from his sleeve to dab it dry. "Sorry bro," she said hazily, through a yawn. He glanced at them with foggy interest; they both looked like they had just gone through the wash.

"Whoa!" all three kids exclaimed at once. The house wasn't any normal house it was a tower of white stone and glass, a sprawling, modernist mansion perched atop a cliff overlooking Berk. "Hey North, just how much money do you have?" Jack said sarcastically, still with an awed expression on his face. North laughed, holding onto his belly "You live with me for four years Jack and still you no know, besides need space for all of family and room for workshop, toys no make themselves." He said.

Christopher Nicholas Cringle St. North was a very large and very tall man. His white hair was unruly and his long beard neatly trimmed. Pale blue eyes stood out against his rosy cheeks and pale skin, for a while Jack thought he kind of looked just like Santa Claus, but the tattoos on his arms of "\_Naughty\_" and "\_Nice\_" said otherwise plus he was covered with muscle, ripped and built like big foot. Some people usually thought, mistook him to be Jack's dad, though you could see why, due to the color of their eyes, hair and outrageous heights, however he was still practically towering over the already tall Jack.

"So Dad, are we just gonna stand here or we going in? Because we just flew for ten hours and I'm tired. Beside according to you we have school in the morning and I'm freezing" The tall girl said, her voice sounding oddly giddy and happy. There was an echoing laugh from North's direction "Alright Toothiana, here is keys movers already move things here last week and your uncle Aster helped." Jack seemed to cringe at the sound of the name, "So go see room sweetheart," he chuckled, leaning down to peck her on the cheek.

Toothiana North was a tall girl, just like her dad, with blue, purple and green hair styled up with a long yellow lock of hair in the middle, giving her a strange, but cute punk look. Her skin was a pale shade and her eyes were a beautiful, almost pink color just like her mum's and was a year older than Jack. Jack always thought she was beautiful, but she was his sister, well, his foster sister but still he lost interest in pretty quickly with that thought.

"Hey squirt, you're awfully quiet," he said to the little brown haired girl in their mist. The little girl stirred, blinking wearily as she rubbed her eyes and looked up slowly. "Huh!" Emma replied still half asleep, the initial shock of seeing the house had left. "Well, close enough," he laughed at the sight of his, little, sister. Emma Jillian Frost was a smallish twelve-year-old girl. She had pale skin, a perfect button nose, long luscious chocolate brown hair with perfectly cut bangs. She had wide, beautiful brown eyes and three small beauty marks just under her left eye, making her look even

cuter.

The four walked into the house, Emma's brown eyes brightened, and she was suddenly full of energy, ran down the hallway, disappearing into the house, throwing her arms in the air screaming, "I get first dibs on the TV!" "No! Way!" Tooth yelled chasing after her, moving considerably fast for someone in heels. North chuckled, Jack just shook his head, knowing Aster had already chosen their rooms, before they both made their way into the house to find the kitchen. "Looks like good old Bunnymud stocked up for us," he said dryly picking up an apple from a bowl of the kitchen counter. "Guess we don't have to go shopping," taking a bite out of it. "Jack," North warned half-heartedly as he went looking through the overhead cabinets got out a box of cookies and began to eat them straight out of the box.

Jack walked down the hall to where he thought his room might be. He had to open quite a few doors before he found it. He looked around his new room. Furniture was laid out randomly around the room; all of his furniture was white. Not the smartest idea for a guy who'd rather have fun than clean, but he liked it. He picked up his bag again and placed it on the small couch in the room, before flopping back on it himself. He was relieved to see that there was indeed a box that said 'clothes' in big, black letters, on his unmade bed. Light blue blankets were folded at the very end, not even a sheet was on the bed, the pillows were at the top, laid out correctly, but without the bed sheet didn't look right.

"Hey," a familiar voice called from his doorway, it was Tooth. She stood at his doorway her back resting against the frame. Jack looked at her expressionlessly, "Hey." Tooth glanced down and smiled. "So," she said when Jack seemed unlikely to break the awkward silence that had immediately settled on them, "Jamie?" "Oh." Jack frowned, ashamed that it had been the last thing on his mind. "I'll call him just time difference, you know?" "Yeah, I know." she sighed "You know, you don't have to worry about me I'll be fine," Jack said with a smirk. "Uh-huh, whatever bro, just don't stay up too late, North is serious about us going to school tomorrow." she said leaving Jack alone in his room.

"Hey, I just got home now." Jack said, holding his phone against his ear with one hand and using the other to play with his bag. "Really? Good I guess, so will you have any trouble unpacking?" Jamie asked, on the other line. "Nah, I'm pretty sure most of my stuff is already laid out around my room, just need to find them first, I should be fine." Jack replied. "I still can't believe you've gone," he said, his voice sounding cold and sad. Jack felt a pang of guilt, "Yeah..." he paused "...you do know I didn't choose to move, right? North had a business opportunity and he might be the CEO of his company but he always likes to be the one in charge of everything." "Jack... it's cool, you're my best friend remember and nothing is gonna change that-" "Not even a 1000 miles of water," Jack said with a smile, interrupting Jamie. Jack sighed and letting go of his bag, rubbing his eyes with his thumb and index finger. They talked for almost an hour before Jack heard Jamie yawn on the other end of the line. "Yo! Dude you tired?" Jack asked glancing at the clock. "It's only nine p.m..." "Dude, time difference, it's almost three a.m. over here," Jamie said through another yawn. "Oh yeah, totally forgot, my bad. Guess this is goodnight huh?" "Yeah I guess it is goodnight Frost." "Goodnight Benet," Jack chuckled and hung up his phone.

Jack got up, took his jacket off, stuffing the box of clothes, on his bed, into the closet, collapsing on his bed. He didn't bother to make the bed or cover himself up, he just laid there until sleep over came him.

"Jack! Jack, wake up! We're gonna be late for school!" A melodious voice came from the side of his bed. Jack turned in his sleep, covering his head with his pillow. "Emma..." He groaned as he felt her jump on his bed. "It's too early." He could tell she was pouting, so he turned his head to look at her and smiled, then hid again. She tackled him and pretended to beat him up, sending a few soft punches to his covered head. "If you don't get up I'll have to hurt you!" She said. "Fine," he mumbled under the pillow. "I'm up, just stop hitting me." Jack slowly got up, his other pillows half way across the room, and he was drenched in a cold sweat.

"Geez Emma, excited much," Jack asked wearily, rubbing the back of his head. "North said get ready, the car will soon be here, he's taking us to school," the brunette girl said with a big smile spread across her face. She was already ready for school, dressed in an all-white outfit of jeans, a winter jacket, white fuzzy boots and a white and pink 'Hello Kitty' hat. "Alright squirt, give me some time to take a shower first," he said getting up from his bed. "Now bye-bye," gesturing towards the door. Emma stuck her tongue out at Jack. "Just hurry up," she said, marching out the door. \_'Now let's see if they left me any hot water,'\_ He thought, while looking up at the ceiling, strolling towards the door in his room.

Jack got out of the shower, having the water go cold halfway through, he felt even worse than how he did before getting in. He liked the cold, but when he was trying to relax, not the best thing to have. He sighed and shook his head, his white hair stick out in different directions. He laughed at himself in the mirror and began to comb through it with his hands. He walked back to his closet and opened the box of clothes. He decided on a white t-shirt, a deep blue hoodie, covered with a pattern of snowflakes, dark brown skinny jeans, with brown straps around the bottom. He slipped on his shoes, not caring about putting on socks, even with the freezing weather, grabbed his cell phone and ran out the room to try and remember the way to the kitchen.

"Uh! No way! I am NOT going to school in that!" Tooth exclaimed. "Cool," Emma squealed. "You have got to be kidding me," Jack sighed shaking his head. A black stretch limousine was parked in front of the kids. "What? You no like?" North asked, with a quizzical look on his face. "North," Jack started. "We aren't going to prom, it's the first day of school and we are already the new kids, so coming to school in... that." pointing at the car "Well its either a great thing or more likely-" "Social suicide," Tooth completed his sentence for him. "Well I like it," Emma stated, tossing her hair over her shoulder. North laughed, holding onto his gut like he usually did. "Is only temporary, new cars come next week." "Wait... cars... as in plural?" Tooth asked, suddenly excited. North only smiled. "Mr. North," a sharp voice, with a British accent, cut through the air from the direction of the car. "You are going to be late for the meeting with the Governor Sir." A tall bald man wearing a suit stood next to the limo "Ah! Thank you Mr. Yetis, you heard man let's go."



The car pulled to the curb, there were only a few cars still parked, all the students seemed to be shuffling into the two large, red stone, buildings with large bronze doors, and a sign that read 'D.T. ACADEMY' hanging in the middle of the buildings. One said 'Middle School' and the other said 'High School'. \_'Well, here goes nothing,'\_ Jack thought before stepping out of the car, shortly followed by Tooth. He stuffed his hands in his hoodie pocket and looked up at the sky, it was chilly, and his breath clouded slightly whenever he exhaled. "Well doesn't this look..." she paused, "I think the word you're looking for is creepy" Jack said, staring at the school, gaining a smile from his foster sister. Suddenly North was standing behind them holding on to Emma. "Nice, no," North said. "I'll take Emma to registration room, will you be fine on own." "Yeah," They both replied in unison. "And no mischief," he said in an ominous tune staring intently at Jack. "What?" Jack replied feigning ignorance. "I told you already, the flooding of the school gym was an accident and the snow in the teacher's lounge wasn't me, I was framed and I already apologized for the fire in the chemistry lab who knew methane was flammable." "Ogimoi," North said rubbing his hand through his white hair. "Just be good." "Don't worry old man, won't burn down the building on the first day..." Jack paused, smiling mischievously and began walking. "That'll be too soon," he said with a laugh before running towards the school.

Jack puffed his cheeks out and looked around. He was looking for the main office and was trying to figure out where his classes might be. There weren't a lot of other students around, the hallway practically empty. \_'Weird,'\_ he thought. \_'The bell hasn't even gone off yet.'\_ He turned a corner and slammed into someone, or something. His phone escaped his grasp and skittered across the floor. "Crap!" He shouted, drawing unwanted attention. "Oh! Dear My apologies I wasn't paying attention to where I was going, are you alright?" The other person asked in a cool, soft yet deep voice. "Jack!" Another but familiar voice called out from behind him. "Here you go," it was the voice again. He looked around and found himself looking into pale pink eyes of his sister. In her tiny fingers was Jack's runaway cell phone, undamaged and safe. "Sorry about that. It was my fault didn't look at where I was walking." Jack said, gladly taking his phone back, sticking it in his pocket for safe keeping, turning to see who he'd bumped into.

Standing in front of them was this huge teenager built like to what they could only describe as an NFL linebacker. His features were round and soft with messy blonde hair with hazel eyes. He was taller than Jack, six and a half feet tall at least, and a girth to match his height. He was wearing a brown, shaggy, cardigan and dark green jeans. However the most striking thing about him was his outrageously skinny legs. Jack, for the love of God, couldn't seem to figure out how it was able to support him.

The large teen smiled warmly "Hi, I'm Oskar Ingerman and you must be the new students I was told to help show you to the administration office." "Hi I'm Jack Frost and this is my sister Toothiana North," the white haired teen said with half-handed wave "Hey," Tooth said disinterestedly. "Alright then, if you would just follow me," the large teen said, before turning and walking away.

Oskar rang the bell at the admin desk, Jack was surprised to find it unmanned. The receptionist seemed to take her time in responding. "Just one moment, dear!" she sang from behind the screen. The

receptionist finally appeared, a pile of yellow files pressed to the chest of her bright floral dress. "How can I help you" A smile spread across her face when she saw them. "Mr. Ingerman," she said warmly. "Good morning Ms. Macintosh, these are the new students." Oskar said, rather politely again.

She dropped into a seat behind the desk, dropping the files with a soft flump in front of her. "Ah! Good, names please" she said to no one in particular. Tooth went first, "Toothiana Retina St. North" "Jack Overland Frost" Jack said after her. The receptionist froze in the motion of booting up her computer and looked up at them, her eyes filled with disbelief and curiosity. "Are those your real names," she asked quietly. Jack and Tooth looked at each other, not sure what she was getting at. "Yeah, last I checked," Jack replied dryly. With that she handed them a piece of paper that contained what and when their classes were and started.

It didn't take Jack long to get used to where he was going, though the halls were empty since the bell rang. Tooth and Oskar had already left him alone to go to their respective classes, he was alone. He approached the classroom door a gnawing anxiety crept up his stomach; he really wished Tooth would've stayed with him. The door to the class was open, he stood in the frame for a while, '\_God I wish Jamie was here,'\_ he thought taking in a deep breath before walking into the class.

"Whoa!" A very attractive blonde haired girl said. With that almost everyone's eyes were on him, staring in wonder. The silence of the classroom was long gone broken by a resounding chatter. "Wow," he heard another girl said, "He's gorgeous," a third girl muttered "Is he real." For Jack this wasn't too much of a shock, he was used to getting this level of attention with each new school he attended. As he walked up to the teacher someone caught his eye.

It was a male teen, nothing remarkable about him other than he was staring at Jack, like everybody else in the classroom. Their eyes met for a moment, his eyes emerald-green, slightly obstructed by his square-frame glasses, stared into his blue.

He was much thinner and shorter than most of the guys in the class; he had a messy mop of auburn hair with a tinge of red, small freckles across his cheeks, a buttonlike nose and tan skin. He was wearing a long sleeve dark green shirt that lay underneath a puffy dark brown vest, light brown jeans and a pair of dark brown, fur covered, boots. Jack thought he must have been cold because he was still wearing his, light and dark green striped, scarf.

As quickly as their eye met, the dark haired teen looked away. Jack couldn't help but feel a little disappointment however couldn't discern why. He looked back at the teacher and introduced himself, "Hi I'm Jack frost, I'm new here, was told to come to a Mr. Mildew's class. Would that be you?"

### 3. III

\*\*III\*\*

\*\*Dragons\*\*

Hiccup was looking at the floor when he heard the new kid introduce himself, "Hi I'm Jack frost, I'm new here, was told to come to a Mr. Mildew's class are you him?" "Jack Frost" Hiccup said to quietly to himself, \_'You've got to be joking.'\_ he thought, looking up to see if the new kid was joking or if it was really his name. Before Mildew could reply, a voice said suddenly "Jack Frost, really?" A girl called Julie said, with a surprised tone, "What like the fairytale character?" Jack laughed at the question, "Yeah just like him but believe me, I'm better than any fairytale." With that he gave a wink to Julie who was now a bright shade of scarlet, also causing half the class to erupt in girlish giggles. Hiccup couldn't help but roll his eyes at Jack's flirting, all of five seconds of being in the class.

"Quiet," An angry familiar voice bellowed out, it was Mildew. He was raising his eyebrows at Jack, pressed his fingers together with a slight grimace, then stood up and gestured to the desks, "Ok Mr. Frost why don't you find a seat somewhere, preferably one back there somewhere." "Thanks Teach." winking back at Mildew, who frowned in return. He walked down between the desks with his hands in his pockets. "Hey dude," a jock named Dagur called out, "Gotcha a seat right here." Jack fell into the seat beside him, the jock smiled at him. "So you play any sports?" Hiccup heard Dagur say before Mildew slapped a hand on the desk, catching everyone's attention again. "Alright quiet down," Mildew barked "Now, please take out your notes and open your textbooks to page 294."

Hiccup was doodling on the margins of his notebook; not really paying attention to the class instead was pondering what would be the fates of his classmates, some more than others. The useful thing about being a loner and an outcast was having a remarkable amount of time to observe those on the other side of the glass, so to speak. He cast a sideways glance to where Jack Frost was seated, flanked on one side by a hopeless mass of flesh called Vladimir Dingwal and on the other by a deranged psychopathic sociopath, Dagur Oswald.

Vladimir was so dense Hiccup was surprised he could walk and talk at the same time let alone how he was in AP biology. Dagur Oswald had all the hallmarks of a future serial killer, aggressive, narcissistic and far too fond of punishing those weaker than him. Hiccup figured he was only in biology class to learn how to properly kill, dismember and dispose of a body. He had no doubt that Dagur would find himself on the news a one of America's newest serial killers and in prison before he was thirty, if he got caught. As for Dingwal, well, some menial and tiresome job would be found for him. Something not even he could screw up. Hiccup savored the thought of their eventual failure.

But then again what about the new kid? Jack Frost, what would be his fate? Hiccup frowned to himself and turned back to doodling in his notebook, not keen to be caught staring.

"Mr. Haddock? Mr. Haddock! Are you listening to a word I'm saying?" Mildew's exasperated voice broke into his thoughts like a dagger. He jerked upright, blinking at him, not having the slightest idea of what he had said to him. "Sorry sir," He said quietly, a predictable sound of contemptuous laughter burst forth from his classmates. Mildew frowned, tapping his dirty finger nails against his desk, staring down Hiccup, slouching back in his chair. "Daydreaming about his boyfriend," Dagur sneered, in his usual predictability, followed

by another burst of laughter; Mildew rolled his eyes, with a dismissive wave of his hand. "Quiet down," he said, leaning on the edge of his desk. "And try to pay attention," he bristled, running a hand over his seemingly unclean mustache. "I know it's the first day back but this year is important." The boy shrank down in his seat, hating the unwanted attention from those around him, especially Jack.

"Alright you have two pieces of homework I want back by the end of the week. An in-class essay on cells-" A widespread chorus of groans erupted. "And a mini diagram of the double helix structure of DNA." Mildew concluded, completely ignoring the outburst of the class. "What a fucking joke," Dagur muttered audibly "Language, Mr. Oswald," Mildew said sharply. The bell rang and that was everybody's cue to leave. Dagur and Dingwal started to move towards the door before Mildew had even dismissed them. "Alright, you can go," Mildew said, casting a glance around them in a partly amused, partly exasperated fashion.

\_\_\*\*TCT\*\*\_\_

The fourth class of the day just ended, Jack couldn't help but notice he had had three classes with auburn haired teen. It was strange to Jack; he seemed, oddly, captivated by this boy and was slightly disappointed he wasn't in his fourth period math class. Jack laughed at thought "Get a grip Jack," he said to himself. He got to his locker, wondering what Tooth was up to. He was immediately surrounded by some girls. "Hey Jack," one of them said, "Umm... we were wondering if like... you'd have lunch with us?" A girl called Heather asked. Jack went pink "Uh... sure, why not," he said, with a raised eyebrow.

He was eating lunch at a table with the girls including Dagur, Dingwal and another kid from his math class called Magnus, who he immediately didn't like. He was still being bombarded with questions, "So what's your favorite color?" "What sport do you like?" "Russia! Really?" "Do you like... have a girlfriend?" Jack just smiled and replied coolly, "Blue and white," "I like basketball, baseball, ice hockey and... oh yeah I love skate boarding and snowboarding. Yeah, Russia! With my sisters and guardian" he said smugly "Yes ladies, I am single." winking at Heather who had asked the question. Magnus flashed him a smug sideways glance. "Oh, really," he said. "So I'm guessing you just get so much pussy instead, till you can hardly think straight-" he broke off, his eyes swiveling sharply towards the, cafeteria, doors. Jack looked over his shoulder. The brunette boy had appeared.

Dingwal, on the other side of Magnus and Dagur, gave a loud, affected cough. "Fag." There were sniggers across the table, Jack couldn't help but frown. The brunet was soon joined by two taller teens, a gorgeous blonde haired girl and an even taller, Goth looking, male teen with pitch black hair, who Jack assumed were his friends. "Fuck, I hate that kid," growled Magnus, his eyes fixed on the brunette.

"Who's he?" Jack asked no one in particular, "Hiccup? Yeah he's nobody really important, he is the son of the governor though and Magnus's cousin," one of the girls said earning a glare from Magnus. "Hiccup? Common really? Is that really his name?" Jack said quite surprised they then thought a little before answering. "No, his real

name is Henry Haddock" the second I think... or was it the third? I don't quite remember." Heather finally answered "The girl's Astrid Hofferson, self-proclaimed hottest and toughest girl in school," she continued, with a tinge of jealousy in her voice, "And tall, dark and scary is Terrance Fury, self-proclaimed bodyguard of Hiccup, weird right?" Dagur guffawed. Jack forced a smile. "Yeah, kinda weird." "Just don't see what she's doing with that... that FREAK!" Magnus growled, stabbing a hole in the varnished surface of the table with his knife. "He has a 'major' thing for Astrid" Heather whispered in Jack's ear. "You don't say," Jack thought glancing at the hole the knife made. Jack stared at Hiccup as he took a seat with his friends. He wondered how he maintained such perfect indifference in the face of so much hostility.

\*\*\_TCT\_\*\*

Hiccup raised his head to gaze at his reflection in the mirror, above the sink, in the bathroom. "Hey Hiccup!" The sudden voice broke the silence of the barren bathroom and startled Hiccup terribly. He nearly dropped his math book that was tucked against his body and turned around, but he knew who he would find behind him before he even laid eyes on the Blonde. Aleksander Tuffnut Thorston was approaching him, a blue backpack slung over his shoulders. Fully clad in an orange hoodie, blue jeans with rips in the knees and his trademark blonde hair was even longer than before, was still wet from the shower, Hiccup presumed he had taken after sports practice, hung over his shoulders, his eyes were dead-set on Hiccup.

Alek looked determined, and Hiccup felt himself break into a light sweat. There was not a single soul around, and he could not defend himself against the jock. Aleksander's hand landed next to his head. Hiccup flinched, expecting a strike to the face, and when he felt no pain, he peered at the blonde warily. The musky scent of fresh Axe filled Hiccup's nostrils. He jabbed a finger in Hiccups's face. Now Hiccup was really nervous, Alek would never approach him alone. "Alex is looking for you," the blonde grumbled. Aleksandra Ruffnut Thorston was his twin sister, who was just as terrifying as her brother. "Um... what does your shadow want with me?" Hiccup asked wearily, wishing Terrance would show up and scare him away, "Watch it dork," Alek warned angrily, shoving his hands into his pockets. "Come she's waiting," he muttered, turned away, hunching his shoulders and stomped out of the bathroom.

The final bell rang out, he found Terrance waiting for him by the art class. He turned when Hiccup arrived, giving him a warm smile. He looked extremely slim and tall in a black fitted black t-shirt and jeans. "Hey Hiccup, figured I'd find you here, so staying late again-" he broke off, noticing the blood trickling down the side of Hiccup face, "Hiccup what happened?" Shifting his eyes up towards his forehead, Hiccup saw a sliver of red just above his view. He wiped at the fresh cut and looking at it before lifting his head up and smiling halfheartedly, "Oh yeah, that, had an unfortunate run in with the twins," he said weakly, "Yeah that reminds me Alex wants her guitar back."

Terrance eyes widened, there was nothing but loathing there, nothing but the vilest contempt "That BITCH!" he spat "I'm gonna kill her and her moronic brother," Calm down Terrance, look just forget about it, there's only two years of this; I can last." he said holding onto his friends arm, gently stroking it in an effort to calm him down,

knowing full well that his friend had a temper and could easily seriously harm the twins. Sighing, he closed his eyes and shook his head grumbling angrily, "Fine." "I got to go now," Hiccup said striding towards the door of the art class. He gave a wave goodbye to his friend, who smiled warmly, and disappeared through the doors.

Hiccup sat at his usual desk at the back next to the window overlooking the baseball field. It was covered in white with few footprints dotted around. \_'Summer snows,'\_ he thought, looking away from the window and back at his painting. His summer painting assignment was all but completed. The teacher had asked them to add some more details to them, without even looking at them, like she knew. Hiccup's green eyes scanned the classroom; only three other people were in the art class with him, including the teacher. Heather Ack, a raven haired girl, who he'd, had the biggest crush on, after Astrid. Oskar Ingerman, who had been coined the nickname fishlegs because of his humongous size and tiny legs, which help him move like an eel on the football field, so he had heard, and Mrs. Val Jenkins, his mum's name sake, the only teacher to give a damn about him.

He noticed movement up front, Val walked up and down the aisles, checking in on everyone, seeing what progress each had made. Val smiled and walked over to him. "Hic- I mean Henry," she faltered, almost calling him by the nickname everyone else called him, even his dad. "How are we doing over here?" She asked, taking a look at his painting, "Oh my," she gasped at the sight of it. "What?" Hiccup asked, slightly taken aback. "Oh dear, it's a little bit dark, isn't it?" she said dis-heartedly, eyes still fixed on the painting.

The painting depicted a huge black dragon burning the school down. On its back its rider, bearing a striking similarity to Hiccup, brandishes a sword in one hand and a head in the other, striking a resemblance to Magnus. Some student's on fire running, screaming and burning, the disemboweled bodies of others being fed upon by two smaller, green and gold, dragons. Blood, darkness, fire, headless bodies and heads on spikes covered the rest of the canvass.

Hiccup realized that even though a painting depicting the gruesome deaths of his classmates, might have been cathartic for him, was not exactly the best idea to do especially in front of his teacher. "Oh Henry, the Idea of the assignment was to show how you felt. Is this how you feel Henry?" she asked, a disappointed look on her face.

Heather and Oskar had stopped what they were doing and now staring at them. '\_Crap,'\_ he thought \_'Just what I don't need, to be thought of as a columbine kid.'\_ Lifting up his head and laughing half-heartedly, "Oh this, no it's not the assignment; it's just something I got carried away with." His weak laughter slowly faded to nothing as he noticed Val giving him the look, "Mrs. Jenkins really, it's nothing, I just got caught up in dragon fever when helping my little brother, with his dragon project, over the summer." Val looked at the awkwardly smiling teen with concern and sighed, "Alright Henry, if you say so. Just next time focus on the assignment." She made her way back to her desk.

"OK class I'd like you finish up any work left on what you're working on, which all look great by the way, because I have a new assignment for you-" she paused, "Draw what you desire most, it could be

abstract, it could be basic, realistic even modern just show me some talent which I know you all have." She continued, eyes fixed on Hiccup, "So hand your summer work in by Friday, class dismissed."

\_ 'Draw what we desire most, great!' \_ Hiccup thought as he packed up his things, when something caught his eye, a movement outside, on the field. It was Jack Frost. He was with a tall colorful girl and a smaller brunette in all white. He stared at the group, for what seemed like hours until a, familiar, voice broke into his thoughts like an ice pick.

"Hiccup, dude what are you looking at?" He spun around, blinking at the owner of the voice, who was now staring out the window, "Hey Fishlegs... umm... no one, nothing..." he faltered, "Just thinking about assignment," smiling weakly. "Uh-huh?" Oskar said, looking at the smaller teen, raising an eyebrow, "Hiccup it's nothing to be embarrassed about, the new girl is very attractive, no wonder you were staring, surprised you weren't drooling like most of the boys in her class. Nevertheless she is a senior and way, way, way, way, way, way out of your league." Hiccup laughed half-heartedly, "Yeah, I guess you're right." He finished packing up his things and walked out with Oskar.

\_ \*\*TCT\*\* \_

A limo pulled up to the curb, a large man stepped out of the driver's seat. It was Mr. Yetis. "Master Frost, miss North and miss Frost, I hope you had a wonderful first day at school, as you know your father is quite busy so has asked me to take you home," he said with a smile, his British accent as thick as ever. "Righty O' Governor," Jack replied in a mocking British accent, gaining a chuckle from Emma. He was about to get into the car when he unconsciously froze as he saw the boy with the green eyes walking towards an open town car with a young boy, about Emma's age, both of them holding art supplies.

Jack could see Hiccup laughing as he let the younger boy get into the car first, he then turned unexpectedly almost as if he could feel Jack's stare on him, their eyes met for the second time that day and for some reason neither could look away. "Jack, what are you doing?" Emma's voice cut through the tension like a hot knife through butter causing Jack to break the stare, "Oh nothing," he mumbled, "Just got distracted." Looking back only to see the town car driving off, "Let's go," he sighed getting into the car.

\_ \*\*TCT\*\* \_

The town car came to a stop in front of two massive gates with a sign that read Governor's Mansion, Hiccup sighed as he waited for the usual security checks before the gates swung open. Their house was anything but ordinary, it was a three story mansion with pretty much anything a family would need and more including two pools, a sports center, a state of the art home theater system, three kitchens and a library. His bedroom was upstairs, on the top floor, while Toothless was down the hall, on the ground floor. Toothless was so engrossed in his hand-held game that he wandered around aimlessly, taking off pieces of his clothes as he went. He was down to boxers when the front door flew open with a bang. With a flinch, Hiccup thought, \_ 'Stoick.' \_

Stoick was not a man, he was a force, a force of nature and one which Hiccup didn't want to deal with at the moment. "H-hey Dad, you're h-home early" Hiccup said, his voice shaking. "Son," Stoic said, indifferently. Stoick was a very large man, a big mother, about 6ft 5", and all muscle with wild, curly red hair seeming to grow everywhere on him. He had a massive head, full beard with deep-set steely green eyes and a weary humorless mouth. Looks that would make any grown man cower in fear if they ever saw him angry, which he often was. Luckily for Hiccup his father was too busy with work to pay any attention to him, quickly walking upstairs to his office shutting the door behind him.

Toothless, still in boxers, threw himself onto a couch in the living room with eyes still fixed on his game. Hiccup stood in the hallway between the living room and kitchen, when the housekeeper came in from her work room, smiling when she saw the two boys. Mrs. China Fletcher was a slightly larger and older woman. Her wild red hair, slightly greying, was pulled back into a bun, her light green eyes bright and full of kindness.

"So, how was the first day of school?" She asked, putting on her apron, tying it around her waist as she set off picking up the scattered pieces of Toothless' clothes off the floor. "It was tons of fun, I especially love the pack of new bullies I have to deal with," he replied sarcastically. Mrs. Fletcher smiled and walked over to him, hugging him with one arm. "Oh Hiccy, I'm glad you had fun," she said cheekily gaining a smile from the brunette. She looked over at Toothless with an amused smile as he played his video game with unwavering intensity. "New Game?" "Yeah, looks like," Hiccup replied. "Well, at least it'll be quiet in the house tonight." she said with a smile, "Why don't you go wash up and when you've finished we can make your favorite." Hiccup made his way towards the stairs, climbing his way up before going to his room.

#### 4. IV

\*\*\_IV\_\*\*

\*\*\_Purple and Pink\_\*\*

Three weeks had gone by since the first day of school. At ten minutes before three Sunday morning, the sky exploded into a carnival of white confetti that instantly blanketed the city. The soft snow turned the already frozen streets of Berk to grey slush. A small dark car drove into the city of Berk. It had been a long day for the Gothel's; they had been driving around all night. They were exhausted despite the fact it was supposed to be a new start for them. A tall blonde girl stepped out of the moving van with an older woman with black as night hair; both staring at the immensely tall apartment building in front of them that would become their new home.

Rapunzel Gothel was a strikingly beautiful sixteen-year-old. She had extremely long sun-colored hair, almost touching her knees, done up in an elegant yet simple braid. She had an exciting, exotic look; green, bright eyes and tan skin with light freckles over her high cheek-bones and well defined nose. She was wearing a pink and purple striped dress shirt, light blue skinny jeans and purple dress shoes. Her mum on the other was not so appealing; in fact she was the exact



opposite of her daughter Rapunzel.

Mother Gothel had short, wild and wavy black hair. She had dark brown eyes and very pale skin that gave the impression of being stretched over body, with a crooked nose which looked as if it had been broken more than a few times. She was wearing a drab red dress that made her look much older than she was, with a black hooded jacket and black knee high boots.

She hurried to the back of the car and opened it. "Rapunzel," she called her voice hoarse and grating. "Y-yes mother?" Rapunzel's voice shook as she replied. "Hurry up you stupid girl I'd like to move in before I freeze my ass off," she said tightly. "I'm sorry mother." She moved quickly to the trunk of the car and began removing the little luggage they had.

As she made her way to the building, she unintentionally dropped Gothel's box spilling its contents into the wet snow. Gothel slapped her right across the face. Rapunzel had been half expecting it, her cheek stung she knew the cut, inside her mouth, from the other day had re-opened. She could taste the blood in her mouth. "You are such a clumsy girl," Gothel said angrily, picking up the fallen box and headed inside, with Rapunzel following.

Rapunzel loved Mother Gothel and craved for her approval ever since the age of five. She always wanted Gothel to just give her a big warm hug. However Gothel had no time for such things, she commanded excellence in everything Rapunzel did. Once it was time for her to begin school, she decided to home school her, and if she was confused by any subject, Gothel would chew her out. "You stupid girl, come on â€" solve the problem!" And she would stand over her, hitting her, until she had solved the question. However the harsher Gothel was the more Rapunzel loved her. Rapunzel always shuddered at the thought of angering or disappointing her mother.

A number of Rapunzel's happiest moments took place whenever they moved and they moved around a lot. While her mother drove Rapunzel would get lost in her imagination, daydreaming of when she would have friends. During one particular move, when Rapunzel was twelve, they had stopped at a motel and in the room she had found some forgotten art supplies, Rapunzel picked it up and began to paint that had her mum smiling. To Rapunzel it was the first time she had ever seen her mum genuinely smile. From that moment on they would stop at Motels her mother would buy her paint supplies and she would paint the most breathtakingly beautiful pieces of art that had her mother beaming at her with pride.

Rapunzel had finally stumbled on a way to win her mother's admiration.

The building had a doorman, which was strange to Rapunzel they had only ever lived in out of the way places, moving every other year like they were being followed but now they were moving into this modern apartment building in middle of town. He greeted them calmly opening the door; you would think people moved into the building every other day at three A.M.

Rapunzel had never seen an apartment like this. It was a beautifully furnished apartment on the fiftieth floor, with a sitting room, two bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen and study. The sitting room was done in a

pale pink with two long, low couches. Elegant paintings hung on the wall, which she recognized as hers. Looking out the window, Rapunzel could just about see the cars, far below, making their way along the roads.

"Driving always makes me hungry," Gothel said. "Could you be a good girl and whip up mother a little breakfast." Rapunzel smiled "Of course mother." She strolled into the kitchen, which she was fully stocked; she skillfully put together a Spanish omelet, Pancakes, toasted English muffins, a fruit salad and coffee. \_'That's one of the advantages of living with mother,'\_ she thought. \_'I'm now an awesome cook.'\_ \_

Rapunzel placed the dishes on the table as Gothel sat down. The long trip had taken away her appetite however she watched her mother devour the meal. When she was done Rapunzel placed the leftovers, which was very little, in the fridge and began to do dishes. When she was done Gothel showed her to the second bedroom. "This is yours," she said. "If you need me I'll be in the study." The bedroom was completed in pink and purple, her favorite colours, dominated by a large double bed with a pink bedspread with colorful butterflies.

Rapunzel undressed and spent the next forty-five minutes soaking in the bathtub. She came out a towel wrapped around her glowing, voluptuous body; she rummaged through her things until she found a comfortable pair of pajamas. Fully dressed she strolled into the living room and headed for the study. Gothel was sitting at a desk with a modern lamp suspended over it. The study was almost empty apart from a few really old books dotted around the place.

"Hello mother, can we talk," She said barely above a whisper. Gothel regarded her for a second with thoughtful dark brown eyes. "Alright," she said "Let's talk." "What do you want to talk about Rapunzel?" she asked mildly. Rapunzel knew what her mum would say they had had this conversation every year for ten years and the answer had permanently been no but then again she had to try. "M-mother," she began shakily. "P-please I-I would like to g-go to a normal high school this year like everybody else." "I love home school and I love you but I'm now 16 and i think I'm old enough now," she finished. Gothel studied her daughter across the table, smiled at her genially and said, "OK Rapunzel."

She stared at her mum, amazed, wondering if she had heard wrong. "Oh my God, I can actually go?" "Yes," Gothel said gently. "Actually I already got you into the D.T. Academy on an art scholarship, you start tomorrow." Rapunzel looked at her, stunned into silence, she found herself gripping the sides of her seat, and the intensity of her reaction didn't surprise her. Gothel had told her for ten years NO But now she had not only said yes but then had already registered her in a school.

Rapunzel's mouth suddenly went dry. "Tomorrow," she mumbled. Gothel looked at her daughter for a long moment and said softly, "Yes, so I'd advise you to get some sleep while you can." Rapunzel looked at the clock on the wall behind her mother, seeing it was almost four A.M. she stood up walked up behind her mum, threw her hands around her and kissed her on the cheek. "Thanks mother," she whispered. "You're the best."

Rapunzel's happiness was almost too much for her to stomach. This would be the first time that she was going to school. She lay in bed, too excited, wondering how she was ever going to sleep; nevertheless before she knew it she had closed her eyes, her head cradled in her hands. She was sound asleep.

Rapunzel was asleep but not for long. Her mother was awake, her hoarse, grating voice made the first noise of the day. "Get up! Now Rapunzel." Rapunzel woke with a jolt. Gothel drummed on the door. "Up!" she yelled. Rapunzel looked at the clock on her bedside table, 6:30 a.m. \_'it's still early, why's mother up so early,'\_ she thought. She rolled on her back and began to get slowly out of bed. "Are you awake yet?" she ordered. Her mother now outside her door, again. "Yes mother," Rapunzel said. "Well, hurry up, I want you make breakfast. You don't want to be late for the first day of school. Rapunzel gasped. First day of real school how could she have forgotten? She was ready in fifteen minutes, wearing exactly what she wore the day before.

Rapunzel walked into the kitchen and began to rustle up breakfast intent on making fluffy scrambled eggs, her mother's favorite. She put two slices of bread in the toaster, put the bacon in another pan and turned the kettle on. Fifteen minutes later, everything was ready. Her mother entered the kitchen as Rapunzel put the dishes on the table. They both sat down and began to eat in silence. \_'First day of school,'\_ Rapunzel thought happily. \_'I wonder what it's going to be like; I do hope I make friends.'\_ \_

She did the dishes before heading to the living room. On one couch a purple and black shoulder bag while her mother sat on the other, tapping her leg anxiously. "For you my dear Rapunzel," she said with a smile. Another random act of kindness from her usually hard-hearted mother on the other hand who was she to complain she was getting everything she'd wanted for years. Rapunzel took a quick look at her watch. It was time to leave for school. She picked up her new bag, it was full of books and art supplies, and she studied her new home as though seeking some kind reassurance from it before leaving with her mother.

Twenty minutes later, Gothel and Rapunzel where driving through down-town Berk, the sky the color of malevolence, dark and menacing. Rapunzel had an uneasy feeling, yet everything seemed normal. Still every instinct told her otherwise. Ahead of her a sprawling, old-fashioned building came into view. The D.T. Academy was an ugly complex, occupying at least two square blocks, with two large buildings of red stone, with large bronze doors. However Rapunzel didn't care she was going to school that's all that mattered to her. As she got out of the car, the sun broke through the clouds and began to shine.

5. V

\*\*v\*\*

\*\*Fiery Red Mane\*\*

Seven P.M. Saturday night, a Gulfstream G650 was trapped in a sea of cumulus clouds that hurled the jet around like a giant paper airplane. Inside the cabin, a jarring worried voice came booming over

the plane's intercom, \_"Please fasten your seatbelts Fergus family, we should be out of this storm soon."\_ \_"Maybe we'll get lucky and crash,"\_ Merida Fergus thought. She examined the cabin of the plane her mother thankfully sat up in front. Eleanor Fergus was stunning; her shimmering brown hair swept up in a bun, faultless skin and determined grey eyes. She wore a low cut red dress offset by a simple diamond and ruby necklace. She was sitting on her own with a glass of champagne, even in the storm. \_"Only my mother,"\_ she thought.

Merida was a beautiful young girl with hair God had given her as some kind of cosmic joke, a long wild curly fiery red mane held down and together by a white bandeau. She had pale freckled complexion and intelligent eyes, cat-blue. Nevertheless she was not as beautiful as her mother. She was forced to change clothes after they had taken off from Scotland, and she was now wearing a teal, strapless Gucci evening gown with gold trimmings and gold beadings that accented her athletic, yet sensual figure. Around her neck a diamond necklace.

\_ 'Where did it all go wrong,'\_ Merida thought. \_ 'Guess it's just fate, you can't fight fate.'\_ In the past year her life had spun wildly out of control. Now her whole family was moving to a different continent just because she was a lesbian. Merida had realized pretty early on that she liked girls not boys, it hadn't for the most part surprised or upset her. Nowadays, being gay was not such a stigma, but boy was she wrong. She watched the triplets sleep in the seats next to her, her brothers unfazed by the rocking plane. "At least you won't judge me," she whispered to the sleeping boys.

The cockpit door opened, the co-pilot stepped into the cabin. He stopped in his tracks to admire the gorgeous brunette. "How much longer Martin," Eleanor asked as she ran her dark eyes over him. "We have a party to attend." "I'm sorry Mrs. Fergus we're going to be at least an hour late arriving at Thor Odinson." Merida couldn't help but smile she'd have been happy if they could miss the entire event.

The private jet finally landed at Thor Odinson, it was two hours late. A limousine and driver was waiting for them on the tarmac. Someone stepped out of the limousine it was Merida's father Angus Fergus. Angus Fergus was a show in himself, a burly man, larger than life with a mane and beard of red hair with the refined manner of Scottish warrior. He had an air of vague confusion with the brain of a supercomputer.

"Dad," Merida cried at the sight of him, running into his arms, followed by her now awake brothers, even with her mother's protests in the background. "Ladies don't run Merida." "I was getting' worried about yeh lassie," he said in a thick Scottish accent, hugging all his children. "Ran into some bad weather, dad, so do we still have to go to the party?" she asked hopefully. "Yes, Merida," her mother said arriving behind her then kissed her husband. "However it is late so Harris, Hubert and Hamish will be taken to the house by Gordon." The triplets laughed in unison. "No fair," Merida said. "What did you say?" Eleanor snapped "Oh nothing, nothingâ€¦"

Merida looked out the window of the moving car. \_ 'So this is where my new life begins. In a city called Berk.'\_ She thought. Every city has a personality, a distinctive image. Berk looked like a village of the

past mated with the city of the future and from the unholy union it was born. "Where exactly is this shindig happening?" she asked no-one in particular, still staring out the window. "It's at the Governor's estate," her mum replied. "And everyone is going to be there, including the Vice President of the United States, so I would appreciate it if you'd be on your best behavior tonight MÃ©rida." Merida scoffed at her and retreated back into her thoughts.

The sight of the governor's mansion was impressive to say the least. It was extraordinary, oil-burning torches had been lit across the yard, the flames casting flickering shadows. The yard was full of expensive cars, limousines and town cars, in the middle a fountain surrounded by ornamental shrubs and a floral display of white roses and orchids, a string quartet playing underneath the night sky. Guests were still arriving, wearing stunning evening gowns and incisive suits. Merida emerged from the limousine followed by her parents. Her parents led the way to the main door. Six security guards, wearing black suits and sunglasses stood there, checking invitations.

The three of them passed through the door into a spectacular foyer. A pair of glass doors opened onto the Grand Ballroom with a mosaic covered ceiling, white columns and marble floors. The mansion rose three stories connected by spiraling staircases, crystal chandeliers hung from the ceiling, lit up by oil-lamps; the flames cast prisms of light mirroring a diamond like luster. At least one hundred guests where there, drinking, laughing and talking. More guests where on the first floor gallery, observing the crowds below. Servers, dressed in black and white, circulated the party with trays of canapÃ©s; Beluga caviar, tuna tartar, grilled shrimp and champagne in crystal glasses.

Merida was seated alone, at her family's assigned table, lost in a deep reverie. "MeridaÃ©| MÃ©ridaÃ©|" her dad's voice shook her out. "Yeah." Her daydream had been of happier times. "Merida I'd like ter introduce yeh ter our host, Governor Stoick Haddock." The governor and her dad could have been brothers their red manes and burly physique were almost impossible to tell apart.

"Good evening, young lady," he said, she had almost been expecting a Scottish accent. "I hear you will be attending the D.T. Academy and starting on Monday." Merida was listening, wondering where this dull conversation was going. As though to answer her unspoken question, the governor added, "I have a son there, he's about your age, and I'd like you to meet him." Merida waited. Governor Stoick scanned the room, his eyes settled on a mop-haired teen, and called out casually "Hiccup... Hiccup... come here son." \_'Hiccup?\_' Merida thought. \_'What the hell kind of name is Hiccup.'\_

Merida watched as a scrawny teen with a messy mop of brown hair came towards her. He was wearing a silk, charcoal grey, Miu Miu suit; a crisp white Armani shirt underneath. She had to admit he was cute, though he was looking a little self-conscious and like he didn't want to be here. "Merida Fergus, this is my son Henry Haddock the third." Merida had no idea yet, but the boy in front of her would change her life forever.

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She was back in the massive room of Elizabeth, Duchess of Cambridge,

in Scotland, and Liz was leaning over her in the bed. She was lovely in her see-through, pink nightgown, whispering "Hello Merida, why don't you kiss me now." Merida smiled, Liz's breathtaking voice always made her forget all her pain. Liz was whispering again into her ear, but she couldn't hear her as a loud buzzer began buzzing. She reached out to hold her only to grasp empty space.

The alarm clock at Merida's bedside was blaring, she slowly opened her eyes. \_'No,'\_ she thought.\_ 'It was only a stupid dream.'\_ The still shrieking alarm clock brought her fully awake; she looked at it. Seven a.m. she grabbed it up and hurled it at the wall, angry with it for disrupting her dream. She rolled on her back, closed her eyes, and tried to remember the dream she had been having, not wanting to let go of it. However she knew it had not completely been a dream it really had happened.

"Lizâ€¦ why are you doing this," she took a shaky breath. "I thought you loved me." "I do love you Merida, but I'm next in line to the throne and the future Queen of England cannot be a lesbian." "This is old moneybags doing, isn't it?" "Please, don't." "Alright. What's going to happen to you?" Merida said softly, she could not believe what was happening. Liz was ending it. "I'll be fine but I'm going back to London need to prepare incase George doesn't make it," Liz paused "I'll never see you again." Merida fought to keep her voice steady. "Lizzie but I love you." "Stop, Merida. Please." There was another pause "I want you find someone else, someone wonderful, someone who makes you happy," Liz said softly. "I did you find someone perfect, Elizabethâ€¦ you." A lump formed in her throat, making it difficult for her to speak. "And I'm losing her and can't seem to stop it." "I have to go now, Merida. Goodbye forever."

The doors of the room burst open, three identical looking boys with fiery red hair came running in fighting over what looked like a doughnut. Hubert had it at moment. "Got it." Harris took it leaping over his brother's head. "It's mine." Hamish grasped it, jumping on the bed before Harris could take a bite. Merida grabbed it. "Thanks for breakfast boys," she said, running out of the room before sliding down the stairs.

"That was not very ladylike, Merida." She heard her mother say, above her, as she slid into the kitchen barefoot. The room screamed modern. There were state of the appliances all over the place, marble counter tops with stainless steel cabinets and a glass table in the middle with white chairs. Her dad was already seated at the table. He looked over the top of his newspaper and said. "Couldn't make us a cup o' coffee, could yeh, Merida." "Sure dad," she said and put on the coffee maker. She took a seat next to her dad and began eating the doughnut. "So â€" Merida," her father said, putting down the newspaper, "I know this hasn't been easy fer yeh, so I got summat fer yeh here." He pulled out a set of keys from his front pocket. Merida took it with trembling hands. She looked at it then back at her dad, "Why?" Her dad smiled. "It's true, I haven't been meself but this is me way of apologizing. Now what about that coffee then." She could see the stings of her mother dancing above the haze of her dad's head.

Merida was in the bathroom and was studying herself in the mirror. \_"Open your eyes, Merida; I got this just for you."\_ She opened her eyes and was staring at perfection. Liz had a soft oval face with thick black hair and soft twinkling blue eyes. She was lovely in her

see-through, pink nightgown. Merida pulled her close and kissed her.\_ Someone was talking. Merida was brought back to the present. "What?" "Hurry up, Merida you are going to be late for school." "Yes, Maudie," she mumbled. She showered and walked to her closet. \_'What do I wear?'\_ she thought, \_'Who gives a damn.'\_ She put on a sleeveless teal turtle neck sweater, black jeans and a blue checkered handkerchief tied on her left wrist. She slung a black overcoat on and walked out her room.

The sky was dark and menacing when Merida walked out of the house. Her new car was in the driveway, it was a rebuilt cerulean Ford Shelby GT500KR with double silver stripes, the triplets already in the car arguing, Hamish had won the shotgun argument as he sat in the front seat. She ran to the car, slid inside, and turned on the radio and GPS. Ten minutes later, she was arriving downtown at the D.T. Academy. Merida was awed by the 'miracle' that was the D.T. Academy. She turned into the parking lot and pulled into a parking space. "Alright Huey, Dewey, and Louie, out we're here." Merida said getting out of the car. She looked at the sky. \_'Crap, it's going to snow again,'\_ she thought. \_'God I'll make a deal with you if it doesn't snow, it means my life here won't suck.'\_ "Alright boys let's get you registered and please try not to destroy the school," she smirked. "At least not on your first day." Her brothers giggled.

As she walked into the school, the sun broke through the clouds and began to shine.

End  
file.